

SAMUEL J. TILDEN AND THE SEDALIA BAZOO.

There appeared in this newspaper of a recent date an editorial declaring that if the health of Mr. Samuel J. Tilden was sufficiently good, no man belonging to the democratic party could in these United States, make a cleaner, stronger and more successful race in 1884 for the presidency. Straightway the New York Tribune, which, since the death of the lamented Horace Greeley, has never known a flag that was not black, never had an appetite that was not gratified by the wage of the kept man, never espoused a cause which did not have in its womb the illegitimate offspring of political debauchery, and which suitably never supported a ticket whose picking and stealing fingers had not, at some time, been busy with the locks and the keys of the federal treasury—straightway the New York Tribune, we say, published a column or so of extracts from the article in question, and then proceeded to sum it all up by declaring that the BAZOO was bought by the Tilden Bureau, and the inspiration for the editorial furnished from New York.

We honestly confess that we do not know what all this means. It is in the vernacular of journalistic thieves—that vernacular which has not yet, thank God! taken root in Missouri. There are a race of newspaper writers—called the Cossacks of the press—who are predatory devils. Who are slush fellows. Who can only exist in that sort of an atmosphere where a divine called Beecher could be permitted to continue in the ministry after having devoured one ewe-lamb of his flock, and where—after revelations as shocking as the worst that have ever damned any other free love community—it was shown pretty conclusively that about the only woman this sacred old Mormon had not kissed in the whole congregation was his own wife. Where when female purity is assailed by these assassins of the press, it is admissible to do so if the law does not step in, because no one dares, pistol in hand, to defend it. Where, no matter what the spotless integrity of a well spent life has been, or how pure or just this or that man has ever lived who runs for a high office—these vultures of the press can roost with impunity in his hair, and cover him with a defilement worse than hawk or talon.

Notoriously at the head of this class of journalists are the journalists of the New York Tribune. We do not care to name them. We could not if we would. Yonder groper in the gutter, with his crooked stick and slimy basket, his chiffonier by his equipments; yonder other fellow, with his horrible cart that oozes, is a scavenger by his smell. What is the use of calling either by name. There are some night birds the species of which one can understand either by their outcries or exhalations. These fellows of the Tribune are bronzed old fellows at the business of which Rogue Riderhood was the bully, and Thendardier the accomplished professor. That is to say, the dung-fork to do you to death with on the one hand; and the tresses and the tenderness of Delilah on the other.

They were the everlasting defenders of Beecher in all that reeking orgy of Plymouth church, wherein two goddesses arose from a sea of lust, fornication and encompassment, naked, of course, like Venus from her sea—the goddess of Assignment and the goddess of Adultery. Whether these swift defenders have since become disciples or not, makes no matter. History, when it calls the roll of its great rascals, has not always of necessity to go to those who are fit, some of them, for the knife, some for the caustic, some for a quarantine; but all of them, whether lepers morally, physically, or politically, requiring an inundation of disinfectants.

Another of them, after having carried off a man's wife and was killed by that man, was married, dying, by Beecher to the woman he had appropriated, and afterwards had a monument. But what of that? Is it any wonder that the civilization, political or otherwise, which causes lust to be consecrated, would make much more of a man like Tilden sold out at Cincinnati for less than thirty pieces of silver? Judas did receive this amount for Christ's betrayal, but all that Tammany ever asked for the cowardly wrong wrought was that John Kelly should be permitted to build a monument to St. Shillelagh, and wash his hands in holy water, as another Pontius Pilate, in the presence of posterity. God! what a book might be written on the part that the dirty shirt plays in the destiny of the democratic party.

From the beginning of Tilden's wonderful administration as governor of New York, to that occurred hour when a lot of southern brigadiers betrayed him basely at Washington, the Tribune's pack was hard on his heels. He was the "old railroad wrecker." He was the "ray old debaucher of politics, with a bar at his back." He was "consorting hourly with northern democrats, planning another civil war." He was the millionaire who "swore falsely to his income tax," and would, if "eyer a trial could be had," stand "convicted before the country a swindler of the government."

Later on, this spotted and piebald crowd of Tribune journalists became to

have among them a lot of deft forgers. Perhaps they are as necessary in certain surroundings as the pimp is to the brioio, the slayer to the brothel. The first is simply called the pilot fish, the other the shark. These forgers fashioned a voluminous batch of cipher dispatches. They hesitated at using the name of no democrat who was either respectable enough or prominent enough to be considered as a leader or adviser in his party. Tilden's appeared more frequently than any other man's, and in connection with schemes which, if any, particular true, were simply infamous. Of course no one believed these cipher dispatches. They were not even clever forgeries. They had the marks of hands used to the handling of blackmail and the juggling, now and then, of blood money. But the Tribune uttered them for what they were worth, and dumped them all together and promiscuously upon the head of an elected president of the United States.

Then this same old servile crowd of looters and blackmailers joined the Hayes gang. Tilden, the man who had uprooted, as governor, the Canal Ring, and driven into exile or the penitentiary all the plunderers of New York, high or low, rich or poor, was a political leper, monstrous to touch or smell. But Hayes—that unutterable cross of a Salvation army mountebank and a regular Apache of the White mountain band—was the blessed Elijah who was to ascend in the heavenly chariot of the electoral commission, and leave such garments as he had in the flesh as holy republican mementoes of the most stupendous fraud in history, to such loving and immaculate disciples as old Zack Chandler, Eliza Pinkston, little Johnny Davenport, Brother Clerical Error Garfield, and all the balance of the star routers or the beneficiaries of the star routers, just then burrowing in the treasury up to their eyes, and blinking wisely as they burrowed, seeing even then in their plethoric dreams, perhaps, a great light breaking on the shores of Indiana, where Dorsey, the cunningest of all the treasury rats, and the best by all odds, and the bravest, was at work—the great white light of condonement and oblivion.

But this will do for one chapter. As the Tribune has given over something of one of its broad columns to the BAZOO, the BAZOO means to give several of its narrow ones to the Tribune. It is about time, furthermore, to look after these Cossacks who are so constantly assailing Mr. Tilden along the whole journalistic line. This thing of crying out "thief!" "thief!" "thief!" every time a newspaper expresses an honest opinion, shall not be permitted, at least to those other newspapers, which have, from lechery to lying, and from forgery, blackmail, the coveting of other people's goods to the assassination of private character broken over and over and through and through like pasteboard, every command in the decalogue.

Public Attention Challenged.

The attention of the public is challenged by the certificate signed in fac simile over their own autograph signatures, that Genl's G. T. Beauregard, of La., and Judal A. Early, of Va., do have the entire control and management of the distribution to be made on Tuesday, May 8, at New Orleans, La., by the Louisiana State Lottery company, of which M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., will furnish all information.

An Old Lady's Fall.

Mrs. Harrison Haley, a lady probably 65 years of age, who lives at the corner of Fourth and Massachusetts streets, met with what was at first thought a serious accident about half-past 7 o'clock Monday evening. She was about to descend the stairs, when she lost her balance and was precipitated headlong to the bottom. She was picked up in an insensible condition, and Dr. Brown at once summoned. He examined her body, but found no bones broken although her arms and shoulders were bruised considerably. Yesterday she was resting easy, but it will be several days before she is again able to leave her bed.

Baking Powder in Bottles.

The largest concern of its kind, in the world (the famous Rumford Chemical works of Providence, R. I., manufacturers of Horsford's Baking Powder, etc.) announce that after an experience of over twenty-five years in putting up baking powders in tin and glass, they are satisfied that a properly made glass bottle has several advantages over the tin can for that purpose, and they have, therefore, at considerable extra expense, adopted the former for the Horsford.

The bottles have a wide mouth to admit of a teaspoon, and when emptied will be found very convenient for many household uses.

The glass bottle is much cleaner than the tin can, and will preserve the strength of the powder much better. All baking powders gradually lose strength when exposed to the air, and this fact explains the variation in the strength of the same brand of powder in different cans, with which all housekeepers are familiar.

Died.

Michael Fowler died at his home, one and one-half miles west of Georgetown, at 7:20 o'clock, Monday evening, of pneumonia fever, aged about 30 years.

The deceased was for a long time engaged in the lime burning business, and was well known in Sedalia. He will be buried from the Catholic church at 10 o'clock this morning.

VALISE AND MONEY GONE.

The Trouble John Jones Encountered by Getting Gloriously Drunk.

John Jones, son of the late Willis Jones, left Sedalia something over a month ago for Texas, and as he said he never intended returning his acquaintances were not a little surprised to see him step from the train from the south yesterday morning. He was accompanied by a stranger—a man whose acquaintance he had made on the train—and both were comfortably full. Jones had a satchel, but the stranger insisted on carrying it, and Jones did not object. Together they visited several saloons, getting drunker all the time, until at last Jones was too far gone to know where he was.

He awoke out in East Sedalia in the afternoon and found himself lying behind a building, the exact locality of which he does not remember. His companion was gone, and also his valise. This did not bewilder Jones, but when he found his vest had been unbuttoned and \$100 in bills had been removed from an inner pocket, he was not a little chagrined.

He lost no time in hurrying down town, and reported his loss to Officer Smith but as he was unable to give anything like an accurate description of his companion of the forenoon, there is but little probability of recovering either the money or valise. Jones said he knew nothing of the man whom he is certain robbed him. He made his acquaintance on the cars, while riding through the territory, and did not even ask his name. The fellow wore, according to Jones' best recollection, a white slouch hat, but as to his clothing, he knew nothing. If Mr. Jones was really robbed, it will probably prove a valuable lesson, but he is deserving of little sympathy.

Diamond Dyes are so perfect and so beautiful that it is a pleasure to use them. Equally good for dark or light colors. 10 cents.

CONRAD CAUGHT.

And the Only Wonder is That He Was Not Crushed to Death.

Charley Conrad met with an accident, late yesterday afternoon, at Siders' park, which will be the cause of his keeping his bed for several days. During the day he, in company with a couple of assistants, was engaged in grading the track, using what is known as a road machine, to which two horses and two mules were attached. The machine consists of a harrow, scraper and a monster roller, the combined weight being something like 2,000 pounds.

During the greater portion of the afternoon Mr. Conrad walked in the rear of the machine, but about 5 o'clock he became tired and thought to rest himself by riding. He seated himself on the back end of the machine, next to the roller, so as to give it weight. While riding in this position, thinking naught of danger, his right foot came in contact with a large clod of dirt, and ere he could remove it, the huge roller was upon the foot and ran up on his leg to his hip.

Although suffering the most excruciating pain, Mr. Conrad did not lose his presence of mind, but called on his assistants to back the roller off his limb, which was instantly done. He was then assisted to his feet and taken to the Park hotel, where his injuries were looked after a few minutes later by Dr. Tracer, who found that no bones were broken, strange as it may appear.

A BAZOO reporter called on Mr. Conrad about eight o'clock last night, and found him resting easy. He said all the bones in his foot would have been crushed had he not been wearing a pair of alligator hide boots, with remarkably heavy soles and heels.

He was unable to explain how his left leg escaped injury, as he was too badly frightened at the time to think of anything but extricating himself.

Given up by Doctors.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?"

"I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters; and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die."

"Well, aday! That's remarkable! I will go this day and get some for my poor George—I know hops are good."

Sale of a Noted Trotter.

There is probably not a better known horse in all Central Missouri than Fred Douglass, the old blind trotter, owned by Mr. Newt Douglass, of this city. Old Fred has stretched his legs over nearly every race track in Missouri, and has been a general favorite with sporting men. He has made his mile in 2:24, but only has a record of 2:27. There is no arriving at the exact age of Fred, but he passes for a ten year old. It is safe to say he is not less than that. The scenes that have known old Fred will know him no more, for yesterday Mr. Douglass sold and shipped him to Mr. H. M. Balch, of Moberly. The price paid was \$1,000, spot cash, a pretty fair amount for a blind horse.

"Buohupaiba."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, bladder and urinary diseases. \$1 Druggists.

He Has a Fortune.

"Have you seen that able-bodied fellow who has been playing a hurdy-gurdy on the street corners for two days past?" asked a prominent commercial tourist of a BAZOO reporter yesterday.

The grabber of items said that he had, and he thought every one else in Sedalia had been afflicted in the same manner.

"You may not believe it," continued the tourist, "but that fellow is the possessor of an independent fortune."

"Did you ever see him before?" questioned the reporter.

"Oh, yes, indeed. I used to travel through the east, and to my certain knowledge he held forth on the street corners of Providence, R. I., for six or seven years. For the past five years, though, he has been

traveling from state to state, taking in both the large and small towns, and he told me himself that sometimes he took in as high as \$300 per day."

"Is he crippled in any manner?" "Crippled the devil! There isn't a stronger man in town. Oh, he's a dandy when it comes to money getting, and the pretty part of it is, he never spends a cent."

Glenn's Sulphur Soap removes all local eruptions and soothes all abrasions of the cuticle.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

SMALL POX SCORE.

How a Tramp Sold Officers Smith and Gossage Yesterday.

CHAPTER I.

A tramp, who had been furnished lodging in the cooler, was found in cell No. 4 yesterday morning, by Officers Smith and Gossage, but as they were unable to ascertain who had incarcerated him, they proposed holding him until the mystery was explained.

"Where did you come from?" asked Smith.

"I came from Cincinnati."

"What brought you here for lodging?"

"Well, I have just got over the small pox, and I was afraid to sleep out in the night air," replied the tourist.

"Small pox!" exclaimed Smith. "Bring the keys, Jim, and let him out. I'd like to know what a d-d fool let you in anyhow," said Smith, as he turned the key in the lock, and a moment later swung open the big iron door, while the tramp walked forth a free man.

CHAPTER II.

Ten minutes later the tramp was sampling Ben Johnson's lunch, and as he swallowed his soup he said to his elbow neighbor:

"It's easy to swell the heads of Sedalia's police."

"How so?" asked the second lunch fiend.

"I'll tell you. I stopped at the calaboose over night, and this morning the officers did not want to release me. I was afraid they would hold me as a vag, so I put up a little job on 'em."

"What did you do?"

"I gave 'em a stiff that came near scaring 'em to death."

"Well, what was it?"

"I told the fellow who is acting marshal that I was just getting over the small pox, and I'd put your boots they let me go in a jiffy. It was fun to see 'em. The big fellow they called Jim was as white as a sheet, and as soon as he heard me say small pox he started to go, but the other fellow wouldn't let him."

"That was pretty slick," said his companion. "If I had a nicker I'd set 'em up; but I ain't her, so I'll have to drink alone," and so saying he walked up to the counter and guzzled down his beer, while the small pox friend called for another bowl of soup and proceeded to make himself at home.

THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale by Bard & Miller.

Going to the "Pen."

Sheriff Jackson, of Monroe county, arrived on the train from the north, yesterday afternoon, having in charge the following prisoners sentenced to terms of imprisonment in the penitentiary:

Pat Gannon, burglary, two years.

Samuel Woodard, horse stealing, two years.

John Anklemann, hog stealing, two years.

The prisoners stopped in the depot waiting room from 5:30 until 11:05 p. m., when they left for Jefferson City.

CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. For sale by Bard & Miller.

A Farm House Burned.

Information was received in this city yesterday of the destruction by fire of the farm residence of Mr. Charles Overdshon, a half mile east of Longwood, last Monday.

Mr. Overdshon was in a field plowing, and his wife who left her babe in the house, had just returned from the spring, a short distance from the building, with a bucket of water, when she discovered some articles of clothing hanging near the fire place in a blaze. She could easily have extinguished the flames by throwing the bucket of water on them, but she lost her presence of mind, and dropping the bucket snatched her babe from the cradle and ran to the field to advise her husband of the calamity. By the time he arrived at the house, the flames had reached the roof and were beyond his control. Not an article of wear or of furniture was saved, and the family who could ill afford it lost their all. There was no insurance.

WILL YOU SUFFER WITH Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale by Bard & Miller.

Want Him to Divide.

It appears that Mr. Keneler, of Lafayette county, the man who won the \$75,000 prize in the Louisville lottery, will have to spend a portion of his fortune to retain possession of his grand prize, as parties are coming to the front from all quarters who vehemently declare they were in partnership with him, and consequently entitled to a share of the money. One at Kansas City has already brought suit to recover half the money, and it is said that Mr. Kohn, an employee of Louis Deutsch, in this city, is proposing to follow suit. The probabilities are that the courts will protect Mr. Keneler.

How to Get Sick.—Expose yourself day and night, eat too much without exercise, work too hard without rest, doctor all the time, take all the vile nostrums advertised and then you will want to know

How to Get Well.—Which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters.

Fifteen witnesses testified, in Dublin yesterday, in support of Timothy Kelley's alibi plea in the Phoenix Park case.

For lame Back, Side or Chest use Shiloh's Porus Plaster. Price 25 cents. For sale by Bard & Miller.

MCNALLY'S MISERY

Is Now Complete at the Finding of the Jury in His Case.

He Was Convicted of Manslaughter in the Fourth Degree.

And His Sentence Fixed at Two Years' Imprisonment in the Pen.

His Attorneys Immediately File a Motion in Arrest of Judgment,

Which Was Granted and Followed by Steps For an Appeal.

Special to the BAZOO.

LEXINGTON, Mo., April 26.

The arguments in the case of the State vs. Frank McNally, was closed this morning by Geo. P. B. Jackson for the state, in a speech of about two hours' duration. The jury was then placed in charge of the sheriff, who escorted them to their room, where they remained until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, having been out five hours, when they returned to the court room and delivered the following as their verdict:

"We, the jury, find the defendant guilty of manslaughter in the fourth degree, and fix his punishment at two years at hard labor in the penitentiary."

Immediately upon hearing the verdict the attorneys for the defense filed a motion for an arrest of judgment, and asked leave to file a bill of exceptions. The motion was granted by Judge Ryland and the defendant was recognized in the sum of \$2,000 to appear at the November term of the state supreme court at Jefferson City, W. B. Rily, R. J. Rhy and R. M. Fraker becoming his securities.

The finding of this verdict was not only a surprise to the defendant and his counsel, but even to the attorneys for the prosecution as well as to the citizens of this city who have been in attendance during the trial of the case.

Soon after the verdict had been rendered Mrs. McNally, wife of the defendant, who with her two little babes, has been attending the trial, arrived in the court room, and on being informed of the verdict, broke completely down.

The sympathy of the citizens of this community are with McNally, and quite a number, although strangers to him, offered to go on his bond. The action of the jury is the one theme of conversation here to night, and is generally characterized as an unjust one. The jurymen, who were all from the country, have left the city for their homes.

Under the instructions of the court the jury to find a verdict of guilty had to be of the opinion, beyond any reasonable doubt, that the defendant, McNally, fired the fatal shot at the deceased, and that it was not done by accident as set up by the defense.

There was no evidence introduced by the state, except circumstantial, to the effect that the shot was fired on purpose. On the other hand McNally testified that the deceased had hold of the barrel of his pistol, which was a self cocker, and was struggling for its possession, during which time the pistol went off, the ball taking effect immediately under the left arm. McNally's evidence was supported by Dr. King, who testified that Hyde must have had his arm in a raised position, as described by McNally, or else the ball would have gone through his arm.

McNally and his wife and children will leave in the morning for Kansas City, their present home.

The Sedalians who were witnesses in the case returned home last night.

A Country Wedding.

A pleasant affair occurred at the country residence of Mr. Wm. Henderson, four miles west of this city, yesterday evening, at half-past 1 o'clock, the occasion being the marriage of his oldest daughter, Miss Mary A. to Mr. Antonio Cartier. Squire Riffe performed the pleasing ceremony in his usual happy style, in the presence of a large number of the friends of the contracting parties.

After the ceremony the party were invited to the dining room where a magnificent feast was partaken of.

SHILOH'S COUGH and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption. For sale by Bard & Miller.

Died.

At her residence in Kansas City, on Thursday last, after a long and painful illness, Mrs. Joseph Marksbury, formerly of Windsor, Henry county, cousin of Mrs. J. D. Hill, of this city.

Mr. L. Beaman and Mrs. Jennie Lovelace, the father and sister of deceased, both of Windsor, arrived in this city yesterday morning, from Kansas City, with the remains, and took the K. & T. train for home last evening, where the body of their dead relative will be interred in the family burial ground at 10 o'clock to-day.

Deceased, who was a most estimable christian lady, leaves a husband and a child, aged ten months, besides a large number of other relatives and close friends, to mourn her demise.

"Rough on Rats."

Cleats out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

THE TRAIN DISPATCHER.

His Work and Responsibilities—Gray Hairs at Thirty.

A Week Crowded Into Eight Hours—Facts and Incidents in the Business.

Cleveland Herald.

Great cares almost universally hasten nature in heaping up the appearance of age. Young men suddenly falling heirs to great responsibilities, soon become prematurely old, and not a few have lost their identity, even to their nearest friends, beneath the weight of care suddenly imposed upon them. Men rushing through life with the burdens and responsibilities of ordinary mortals on their shoulders, little appreciate the terribly heavy burdens borne by men upon whose shoulders have been laid the lives of hundreds of people and millions of dollars of property.

"Yes, sir, I don't mind telling you why it is," answered the conductor of one of the accommodation trains running out of the city, in response to a reporter's inquiry as to why his hair was so streaked with gray, while his face indicated a young man scarce over thirty. "Many have asked me if I had not at some time suddenly been the victim of some sudden and awful calamity. You have read, of course, of hair turning gray in a single night through fright. Mine was not caused that way. Was I born that way? Oh, no; at twenty my hair was as black as a coal. These streaks of gray were caused by my three or four years experience as a train dispatcher on a great trunk line running out of Chicago.

"People who climb on a passenger train when she is two or three hours late, little imagine what endless planning and management it takes to get her through safely. Let a freight get behind time and we can handle her by running her on another train's time; but a passenger breaks up everything on the road. A train dispatcher must be familiar with every circumstance and every possible combination of circumstances.

He must know on just what portions of the road fast time can be made, and give orders accordingly. He must never give an order for certain time to be made unless he is positively certain that the grade and condition of the weather will permit of such time being made. To-day I may order a train to run from station A to station B, and another for a train to run from B to A, when the same order to-morrow would precipitate a collision. You have got to know all the men on the line. Why, on the road I worked on there would be engineers and conductors that could never get a train through on time. Then there would be others that would never be late except in case of accident. Why, sometimes during my eight hours of duty I would give 250 train orders. Just think of that a moment. Here is a passenger train four hours late and a freight side tracked at almost every station. Of course that puts every train behind time. First I have to order the operator to put out his flag and hold the train for orders, and then I have to send the order and wait for it to be repeated back. At the same time a train may be passing a station five miles away, where I want to hold and side-track her. All the time I must not only keep a clear track for the passenger train, but must unnecessarily detain the freights. Sometimes right in the middle of a rush of business like this the wire will break or some operator will break or some operator will have his key open. Then everything is to pay. Fortunately the train dispatcher's order is the law. Every employee is bound to obey it. So we do not have to worry about that.

"Did I ever have an accident? No; but I've come mighty near it. Once I left the office by permission in care of my assistant, and when I returned I found that he had two trains coming toward each other on a single track, and only a station between them. Fortunately, I got a message to the station in time to flag the first train that got there, but if one had happened to have passed, there would have been a fearful accident. It was a very natural mistake. My assistant had been with me two years. He had everything side-tracked all right, but had forgotten the 'unwritten law' of the road prohibiting two trains passing on a single track. On another occasion I lost a train."

"Lost a train?" "Yes, sir, lost it completely. It was a local freight, and was a little late. It left F. twenty minutes behind time, and was due at M. in forty minutes, where it was ordered to side-track for No. 3, a fast express. F. and M. were eleven miles apart and No. 3 could not leave F. until the local was reported side-tracked at M. Well, I waited an hour, and then called M., who had the message for the local, and asked him where the freight was. He didn't know. In the meantime the express was at F., and the passengers were getting mad. Thirty minutes more and still no train. Then I ordered No. 3 to run cautiously to M. She did so, but found no locals. To say that we were paralyzed is putting it mildly. Ten minutes later W., a little station near the city, reported the local there. She had got by M. in some way without disturbing the operator. Diogenes never hunted so diligently for an honest man in the degenerate days in which he lived, as we did for that train."

"Why did you leave the business?" "Because I was growing a year every week. I had the work of ten men upon my shoulders. You often hear about the brave engineer clinging with firm resolve and calm resignation to the throttle while the engine is plunging on toward inevitable destruction. His responsibility is nothing. He has only a single train, and has no duty but to obey rules. The train dispatcher has a hundred trains under his finger that presses the key. A moment's delay to a passenger train, a trifling accident to a freight, and the dispatcher is cursed. The eight hours you put in bending over your key seems a week. Your head swims and grows dizzy beneath its awful responsibility. No more train dispatching for me, if you please. I was offered that position on this road with a comfortable salary, but told them all I was tired was a train. All those gray hairs that you notice were caused by my short experience as train dispatcher."